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Satirical, Humourous, and Familiar Pieces.

PROSE.

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THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

PARISH JOBBING.

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by Dr. Goldsmith.

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THE ART OF PUNNING.

THE CARDS SPIRITUALIZED.

A SERMON ON THE WORD MALT.

THE CONTENTED PORTER,
by Richardson.

&c.

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THE DISABLED SOLDIER,

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than, That one half of the world is ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged on in tones of declamation; and the world is called to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of others sympathizing with their distress; and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity. There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect. While the slightest inconveniencies of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure

without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining. With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without a shelter from the severity of the season. I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, tho' dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows: 'As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone thro' any more than other

folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

'I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so that I was put on the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart they kept sending me about so long that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

'In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spy'd

a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it: —well, what will you have on 't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation: but, tho' I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

'People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

'When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go

down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them. 'I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board of a man of war, or list for a soldier: I chose the latter; and in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

'When the peace came on I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, or captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so had leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore. 'The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me, without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to

me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all. 'Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand: 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French centry's brains?' 'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I arose, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

'Tho' we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five Frenchmen at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the centries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left

behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory. I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in the engagement, I was wounded in two places; I lost four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not a-board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life, but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!'

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

PARISH-JOBBING.

Look up at the inscription on that venerable building, defaced with plaster; what does it record? "Beautified by Samuel Smears and Daniel Daub, churchwardens." And so these honest gentlemen call disguising that fine old stone building with a thick coat of lime and hair, or whitewash, *beautifying* it! What is the history of all this? Why, the plain matter of fact is, that every parish officer thinks he has a right to make a round bill on the parish during his year of power: an apothecary physics the poor; a glazier, first in cleaning, breaks the church windows, and afterwards mends them, or at least charges for it; a painter repairs the commandments, puts new coats on Moses and Aaron, gilds the organ pipes, and dresses the little cherubims about the loft as fine as vermilion, prussian blue, and leaf gold can make them. The late churchwardens were a silver-smith and a woollen-draper: the silver-smith new fashioned the communion plate; and the draper new-clothed the pulpit, and put fresh curtains to the windows. All this might be modestly done, were they not to insult the good sense of every beholder with their *beautified*; shame on them!

ON QUACKS.

Whatever may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which our advertising doctors are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation: but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine; the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty; be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure without loss of time, knowledge of a bed-fellow, or hinderance of business. When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient, who refuses so much health on such easy terms! Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? Does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever? Or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up the gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must, otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs

the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick: only sick did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius, they die; tho' they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half-a-crown at every corner. I can never enough admire the sagacity of this country, for the encouragement given to the professors of this art: with what indulgence does she foster up those of her own growth, and kindly cherish those that come from abroad! Like a skilful gardener, she invites them from every foreign climate to herself. Here every great exotic strikes root as soon as imported, and feels the genial beam of favour; while the mighty metropolis, like one vast magnificent dunghill, receives them indiscriminately to her breast, and supplies each with more than native nourishment. In other countries the physician pretends to cure disorders in the lump; the same doctor who combats the gout in the toe, shall pretend to prescribe for a pain in the head; and he who at one time cures a consumption, shall at another give drugs for a dropsy. How absurd and ridiculous! this is being a mere Jack of all trades. Is the animal machine less complicated than a brass pin? Not less than ten different hands are required to make a brass pin; and shall the body be set right by one single operator? The English are sensible of the force of this reasoning; they have therefore one doctor for the eyes, another for the toes; they have

their sciatica doctors, and innoculating doctors; they have one doctor who is modestly content with securing them from bug-bites, and five hundred who prescribe for the bite of mad dogs. But as nothing pleases curiosity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute and trifling, I must present you, inadequate as my abilities are to the subject, with an account of one or two of those personages who lead in this honourable profession. The first upon the list of glory, is doctor Richard Rock, F. U. N. This great man is short of stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three tailed wig, nicely combed, and frizzled upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never; it is indeed very remarkable that this extraordinary personage should never wear a hat; but so it is, a hat he never wears. He is usually drawn, at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm-chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, packets, and gallipots. No man can promise fairer or better than he; for, as he observes, "Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness, make yourself quite easy, I can cure you."

The next in fame, tho' by some reckoned of equal pretensions, is doctor Timothy Franks, F. O. G. H., living in the Old Bailey. As Rock is remarkably squab, his great rival Franks is as remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Christian æra, 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly sixty-eight years, three months, and four days old. Age, however, has no ways impaired his usual health and vivacity. I am told, he generally walks with his breast open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particul-

arly remarkable for a becoming assurance, which carries him gently through life; for, except doctor Rock, none are more blessed with the advantages of face than doctor Franks. And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little;—I am almost ashamed to mention it.—Let the foibles of the great rest in peace.—Yet I must impart the whole.—These two great men are actually now at variance, like mere men, mere common mortals. Rock advises the world to beware of bog-trotting quacks; Franks retorts the wit and the sarcasm, by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dumpling Dick! He calls the serious doctor Rock, Dumpling Dick! Head of Confucius, what profanation! Dumpling Dick! What a pity, ye powers! that the learned, who were born mutually to assist in enlightening the world, should thus differ among themselves, and make even the profession ridiculous! sure the world is wide enough, at least, for two great personages to figure in; men of science should leave controversy to the little world below them; and then we might see Rock and Franks walking together, hand in hand, smiling onward to immortality.

A LETTER WRITTEN BY THE AMBASSADOR OF BANTAM, IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

"Master,

The people, where I now am, have tongues farther from their hearts than from London to Bantam, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects, barbarians, because we speak what we mean, and account themselves a civilized people, because they speak one thing and mean another: truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. On my first landing, one who was sent from the king of this place to meet me, told me, That he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival. I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself on my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him told me by my interpreter, He should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power. On which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but, instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first week, at the house of one, who desired me to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own. Accordingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the

household goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present; but the false varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, but he sent word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such doings in his house. I had not long been in this nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour from the chief of the king's servants, whom they here call the Lord Treasurer, that I had eternally obliged him. I was so surprised at his gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, what service is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity! However, I only asked him for my reward, that he would lend me his eldest daughter during my stay in this country; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen.

"At my first going to court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking ten thousand pardons of me for only treading by accident on my toe. They call this kind of lye a compliment; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldest order any of thy officers of state to receive an hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any thing with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the king's scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, tho' perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldest fancy that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question they always ask me, is, How I do? I have this question put to me above a hundred times a day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner with a full glass in their hands,

every time I sit with them at table, tho' at the same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy health also in the same manner; but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution, than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in the royal city of Bantam."

Spectator, vol. viii. no. 557.

A HUMOUROUS DECEPTION.

A countryman being in London, a friend of his there, undertook to conduct him to every place that was remarkable and deserved observation. One day he told him that he would shew him Bedlam: it was accordingly agreed on; but instead of that, he took him to the door of the House of Commons, telling him, that was the entrance into Bedlam. It happened just then, that the house was breaking up; and the door being presently opened, the countryman, to his great astonishment, saw several of the members hastening towards it; on that he immediately took to his heels, and ran as it were for his life: when being stopped by some persons, who wondered at his running so fast:—Oh! (cried he) for the Lord's sake don't stop me; yonder's Bedlam open, and all the madmen are loose and coming out.

THE WITTY SHEPHERD.

A proud parson and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? The same, answered the shepherd, that clothed you, the *parish*. The parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he would go live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message, and concluded as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. *Why, are you going away then?* said the shepherd. No, answered the other. *Then you may tell your master*, replied the shepherd, *that his living cannot maintain three of us.*

INSCRIPTION ON A SIGN-BOARD,

by a Watch-maker at Oxford.

Here are fabricated, and renovated, trochiliac horologies, portable and permanent, linguaculous or taciturnal; whose circumgirations are performed by internal spiral elastic or extensive pendulous plumbages; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurent or argent integuments.

THE CHARACTER OF A SOT.

A sot is a silly fellow without brains. His sight is best when he is stone blind, for till then he can never find his way home. He is a post-boy's horn to alarm a quiet neighbourhood at the unseasonable hour of one in the morning; a brewer's pump, to keep store cellars dry. He is a lawyer, for he understands conveyancing extremely well. Although he scarcely knows what a pulpit means, yet he is a most religious fellow, for the name of God is ever at his tongue's end; and he is particularly careful to teach his family the duty of fasting. He is a barefooted carmelite, for you seldom see him with a pair of shoes to his feet. His frugality is remarkable, for a shirt always lasts him a month without washing, and a pair of stockings till they are worn out. His tailor is Jack Ketch, or his Grace of Monmouth, to one or other of whom he applies, as often as he can afford it, for a left off suit. Strangers frequently mistake him for a Jew, because of his beard. In his draughts he is a camel. He is the wonderful camelion, which is never seen to eat. He is terribly afflicted with various distempers; being frequently seized with the falling sickness at midnight, accompanied with a dead palsy in his tongue: St. Anthony's fire has visibly settled in his face, and so terribly does the ague shake his hand, that he cannot lift a glass of gin to his head. The pawn-broker is his banker, and the publican his chief creditor. In short, while he is alive, he is worthy any person's no-

tice, but after his death there will be no traces found of his memory, except on the chalked walls of alehouses.

THE ART OF PUNNING BY RULE.

"By rule?" Yes—thus. A man says, "Mr. Locke was a great *metaphysician.*" 'Oh Lord!' say you, 'that's nothing at all—I *met a physician* myself yesterdy.' The next rule is to lay a trap for a pun, by a previous question. Say, 'do you think the dinner is ready?' "I really don't know," says one of the company, "I am going to *see.*" 'Oh, to *sea*, are you!' say you, 'I wish you *a good voyage.*'—Or thus—say you, 'what do you think of this business of the Empress and the Turks?' "Think!" says one, "why that the Empress will play the very devil with them. Why, sir, in another twelvemonth there will be *no Turkey* in Europe." 'Upon my word,' say you, 'I am sorry for that—it is a very charming dish, especially with a pudding in its belly.' Thus when you have learned to pun with facility, you may do what you please. One says—"Come, pun away." '*Away!*' say you—'I had better pun *here*, had I not?' "Igad," says another, "he is in for it, *stop* him who can." 'Nay,' say you, 'what should they *stop* me for? I have *stolen nothing.*' "Well, upon my word," says the first, "that is *beyond* every thing." 'Oh,' say you, 'if that be the case, you know I can *go no farther.*' So much for punning.

Dibdin's Musical Tour.

THE CARDS SPIRITUALIZED,

by a private Soldier.

One Richard Middleton, a private soldier, attending divine service with the rest of the regiment, at a church in Glasgow, instead of pulling out a bible, like his brother soldiers, in order to search for the text, spread a pack of cards before him. This singular behaviour did not long pass unnoticed, either by the minister or the serjeant of the company to which he belonged: the latter, in particular, commanded him to put up his cards; and on his refusal conducted him, after divine service, before the chief magistrate, to whom he preferred a formal complaint of Richard's irreverend behaviour. "Well, soldier," said the magistrate, "what excuse have you to offer for this strange and scandalous behaviour? If you can make any apology, or assign any reason for it, 't is well; if you cannot, assure yourself that I will cause you to be severely punished."—"Since your honour is so good," replied Richard, "as to permit me to speak for myself, an't please your worship, I have been eight days on the march, with a bare allowance of sixpence a day, which, your honour will surely allow, is hardly sufficent to find a man in meat, drink, washing, and other necessaries; and, consequently, he may want either a bible, prayer-book, or any other book." On saying this, Richard pulled out his cards, presented one of the aces to the magistrate, and continued his address to him as follows—"When I see an ace, may it please your honour, it reminds me that there is only

one God; and when I look on a two, or a three, the former puts me in mind of the Father and Son, and the latter of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A four, calls to my remembrance the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; a five, the five wise virgins who were ordered to trim their lamps,—there were ten ordered, but five, your worship may remember, were wise, and five were foolish.—A six, that in six days God created heaven and earth; a seven, that on the seventh day he rested from all he had made; an eight, of the eight righteous persons preserved from the deluge, viz. Noah and his wife, with his three sons and their wives; a nine, of the lepers cleansed by our Saviour—there were ten, but one only returned to offer his tribute of thanks; and a ten, of the ten commandments." Richard took the knave and placed it by him; and then passed to the queen, on which he observed as follows:—"This queen, your worship, reminds me of the queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; as her companion, the king, does of the great king of heaven, and of king George the Third."—"Well," replied the magistrate, "you have given me a very good description of all the cards except the knave."—"If your honour will not be angry with me," replied Richard, "I can give you the same satisfaction as to that, as of any card in the pack."—"I will not," said the magistrate. "Well," returned the soldier, "the greatest knave that I know is the serjeant who brought me before you."—"I don't know," replied the magistrate, "whether he is the greatest knave, or not, but I am sure he is the greatest fool of the two." The soldier then proceeded—"When

I count the number of dots in a pack of cards, there are 365; so many days are there in a year. When I count how many cards there are in a pack, I find fifty-two; so many weeks are there in a year. When I reckon how many tricks are won by a pack of cards, I find there are thirteen; so many months are there in a year. So that this pack of cards is both bible, almanack, and prayer-book, to me." The magistrate then called his servants, ordered them to entertain the soldier well, gave him a piece of money, and said he was the cleverest fellow in the whole regiment.

THE EXPEDITIOUS PAINTER.

A certain nobleman having built a chapel, had a mind the stair-case leading to it should be ornamented with some scripture history—which he at last determined should be the Children of Israel passing through the Red Sea, and the Egyptians pursuing them.—A painter was employed on this occasion, and fell to work immediately; and after he had daubed the wall from top to bottom with red paint, he called to his lordship and told him the work was done,—Done! quoth the peer,—What 's done? Where are the Children of Israel? My lord, they are gone over, replied the painter.—But, zounds! where are the Egyptians then? The Egyptians, my lord?—why, they are drowned to be sure!

GOOD ADVICE FROM A FATHER TO A SON.

—— I do n't mind your taking a few glasses of wine in company—it cheers and enlivens, promotes mirth, spirit, and conversation;—nay—if you can bear it, at those times,—Tom—I do n't much mind a whole bottle. But as you value yourself—and as you value my friendship—beware of *t' other bottle.* In all my experience in life, the mischief has been done by *t' other bottle.*—It is *t' other bottle* makes us drunk, quarrelsome, stupid, stay out late, keep bad hours, and bad company, and bad every thing.—Therefore, I say again, Tom—beware of *t' other bottle.*

THE INSANE ORGANIST.

At Worcester, there was an idiot, who was employed at the cathedral there, in blowing the organ. A remarkable fine anthem being performed one day, the organ-blower, when all was over, said, I think we have performed mighty well to-day. *We* performed! answered the organist; I think 't was I performed, or I am much mistaken. Shortly after, another celebrated piece of music was to be played. In the middle of the anthem, the organ stops all at once. The organist cries out in a passion, why do n't you blow? The fellow, on that, pops out his head from behind the organ, and said—shall it be *we* then?

A SERMON ON THE WORD MALT.

Preached by the Rev. Mr. Dodd, in a hollow tree.

The Rev. Mr. Dodd, a very worthy minister, who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the cantabs by frequently preaching against drunkenness; several of whom meeting him on a journey, they determined to make him preach in a hollow tree which was near the road side. Accordingly, addressing him with great apparent politeness, they asked him if he had not lately preached much against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they insisted that he should now preach from a text of their chusing. In vain did he remonstrate on the unreasonableness of expecting him to give them a discourse without study, and in such a place; they were determined to take no denial, and the word MALT was given to him by way of text; on which he immediately delivered himself as follows.—

"Beloved, let me crave your attention.—I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a short sermon, from a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a slender congregation. Beloved, my text is MALT; I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, it being but one: I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find to be these four, M—A—L—T. "M, my beloved, is Moral,—A, is Allegorical,—L, Literal,—T, Theological. The Moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore, M, masters—A, all of you—L, listen—T, to my text. The Allegorical is

when one thing is spoken and another thing is meant. The thing spoken of is malt; the thing meant is the juice of malt; which you cantabs make,—M, your master,—A, your apparel,—L, your liberty,—and T, your trust. The literal is, according to the letter —M, much,—A, ale,—L, little,—T, trust. The Theological is according to the effects that it works; and these I find to be of two kinds: first, in this world; secondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are,—in some, M, murder,—in others, A, adultery,—in all, L, looseness of life,—and, in some, T, treason. The effects that it works in the world to come—are, M, misery,—A, anguish,—L, lamentation,—and, T, torment. And so much for this time and text.

"I shall improve this: first, by way of exhortation,—M, masters,—A, all of you—L, leave off,—T, tippling; or, secondly, by way of excommunication,—M, masters,—A, all of you,—L, look for,—T, torment; thirdly, by way of caution, take this: a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the alehouse benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbour's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man.

"Now to," &c. He then concluded in the usual form; and the young men, pleased with his ingenuity, not only sincerely thanked him, but absolutely profited more by this short and whimsical sermon, than by any serious discourse they had ever heard.

THE CONTENTED PORTER.

A porter, resting himself, with his load by him, groaned aloud, and 'wished he had five hundred pounds.' 'Why,' said a gentleman who was passing by, 'I will give you five hundred pounds:—and now what will you do with it?' 'Oh,' said the porter, 'I will soon tell you what I will do with it. First, I will have a pint of ale, and a toast and nutmeg, every morning for my breakfast.' 'Well, and what time will you get up?' 'Oh, I have been used to get up at five or six o'clock, so I will do that now.' 'Well, what will you do after breakfast?' 'Why, I will fetch a walk till dinner.' 'And what will you have for dinner?' 'Why, I will have a good dinner; I will have good roast and boiled beef, and some carrots and greens;—and I will have a full pot every day,—and then I will smoke a pipe.' 'Well, and then, perhaps you will take a nap.' 'May be I may —no, I will not take a nap; I will fetch another walk till supper.' 'Well, and what will you have for supper?' 'I do not know—I will have more beef, if I am hungry; or else I will have a Welsh rabbit, and another full pot of beer.'—'Well, and then?' 'Why then I will go to bed, to be sure.'—'Pray, how much may you now earn a week by your business?' 'Why, master, I can make you eighteen shillings a week.'—'Will not you be tired now, do you think, after a little while, in doing nothing every day?' 'I do not know, master; I have been thinking so.'—'Well then, let me propose a scheme to you.' 'With all my

heart, master.'—'Cannot you do all this every day, as you are, and employ your time into the bargain?' 'Why, really, so I can, master, I think; and so take your five hundred pounds again, and thank you.'

Richardson.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

This is to give notice, to all lovers of cruelty and promoters of misery, that at the George-Inn, on Wednesday, in Whitsun week, will be provided for their diversion that savage sport of cock-fighting, which cannot but give delight to every breast thoroughly divested of humanity; and, for the music, oaths and curses will not fail to resound round the pit: so that this pastime must be greatly approved of by such as have no reverence for the Deity nor benevolence for his creatures.

THE SCOTCH BAGPIPER.

A Scotch bagpiper travelling in Germany, opened his wallet by a wood side, and sat down to dinner. No sooner had he said grace, than three wolves came about him; to one he threw bread, to another cheese, till his provender was all gone.—At length he took up his pipes, and began to play; at which the wolves all ran away. *The deel faw me*, said Sawney, *gin I had kenn'd ye lo'ed music sa weel, you should ha' haen it before dinner.*